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THE KING'S
TREATMENT
OF
THE QUEEN
SHORTLY STATED
TO
THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

"The Press is the great public monitor—it shall extend to the farthest verge and limit of truth—it shall speak truth to the King in the hearing of the People."
CURRAN'S SPEECHES, p. 80.

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TO
THE PEOPLE
OF ENGLAND,
&c. &c.

It has long been the proud boast of Englishmen, that in *their* country, no case of individual oppression dare be committed with impunity. The laws of the land—but, above all, the genius of the people have ever stood between the victim and the oppressor. The minds of my countrymen may have been sometimes led astray by the violence of party, but their hearts were never cold, when persecuted innocence claimed their protection. It has been reserved for those times to witness an attempt at one of the foulest; one of the most cruel and unmanly cases of individual oppression that ever disgraced any country or any age.

The object of that oppression is, A WOMAN—a Woman too, who, (independent of her sex,) has the strongest and dearest claims on our support. That woman is the Queen of England, the niece of George the Third; and the mother of a princess, whose virtues promised so much public happiness, and whose sudden death caused so much public sorrow. This is the female who, in the heart of a gallant nation, stands the object of a shameful and scandalous prosecution—against whom the influence of power, and all its vindictive passions are directed—against whose character the Ministers of the Crown have aimed a deadly blow, merely because she would not remain away from England, and because she spurned the base bribe they offered her. It is, certainly, a novel case in a country, where the feelings of women are so justly and so dearly respected—it is a very novel

case to see a woman publicly insulted by men. The beauty—the goodness—the very helplessness of the sex are so many claims on our support, are so many sacred calls on the assistance of every manly and courageous arm. The ruffians who attack them, meet with no quarters; they are objects of general odium and contempt; they are hunted from society; they are known only amongst us, by the designation of MONSTERS.

Our history, it is true, affords but too many proofs of the errors of kings, and of the baseness and cruelty of ministers: but no instance do we find of a Queen of England (once an object of so much respect and tenderness) dragged before the public gaze, charged with high crimes on evidence of which she knows nothing, and branded as a criminal by Act of Parliament, even before she received a trial.

The only case at all in point, is the prosecution carried on against the wife of Harry the Eighth. How unfortunate it is, that any act of the present reign, should even, in a remote degree, re-call to our minds those bad times when the sentiments of justice and of humanity were disregarded by the Court. Heaven forbid that I should compare a gracious Prince to the last tyrant of the Tudors. Henry was a monster---cruel---bloody---and relentless---the victim of every wayward passion and of every gross desire. In his youth, he was popular---comely in person---elegant in address---generous to appearance. He was a Prince of the fairest promise, but time unfolded his real character: he became towards his friends, ungrateful; towards his people, tyrannical; towards woman, capricious, cruel, and implacable. Lost in sensuality, his person, like his mind, became a gross unhealthful and unwieldy mass. During the last years of his power, he lived an object of hatred and of scorn; his death was the only joyful event of his reign. In the disastrous reign of this monster, the reputation and the lives of virtuous and beautiful women, were sacrificed to his lust and cruelty; but we have not heard of a Queen of England, brought to trial on scandalous accusations, either before or since. Why should it be reserved for her present Majesty to endure the misery and shame which

the innocent wives of Henry endured?—Why should she be persecuted?—Why should she be wantonly insulted by the worst men in this country? Her history is interesting:—her Majesty is the daughter of the Duke of Brunswick, a brave and generous Prince—she was educated at her father's court, and was considered, at the time of her marriage, one of the most accomplished, as well as one of the most beautiful Princesses in Europe. At that period, the Prince of Wales was in the prime of his life, of an open and engaging manner; attached, or supposed to have been attached, to the principles of public freedom; his Royal Highness stood then very high in the affections of the people: he was not, however, considered exempt from errors, which cast a transient shade over the lustre of his character. Living in a state of great expense, he became embarrassed in circumstances; surrounded by the seductions of a court, he was exposed to the arts of the most fascinating, and the most unprincipled. He had arrived at the age of three-and-thirty, and was still unwilling to marry; at length on the entreaty of his late Majesty, and on the express condition that his debts, amounting to little short of seven hundred thousand pounds, should be paid off by the Country, he reluctantly consented to alter his determination; and his marriage, with the present Queen, was the consequence. Vainly was it hoped, that a marriage which gave unmixed joy to the entire country, would have proved to the Royal Pair, a source of uninterrupted felicity; vainly was it hoped, that the marriage vow, the most solemn pledge that a human being can make, the foundation of all domestic virtue and of all social happiness, would have been long observed by him whose example was of importance to society. Her Royal Highness had the most dear and sacred claims on her Royal Husband. Besides, being the wife, she was the cousin-germain of the Prince; her conduct was then at least above all reproach: the most depraved or the most daring of her enemies, did not presume to whisper a calumny against her. Blameless and honourable she looked to his Royal Highness as her natural protector; for him she left her father's court; for him she made the greatest of

all sacrifices—those of country and of kindred ; from him she expected that respect and tenderness which every wife has a right to expect from a man of honour.

But alas, those fair blossoms of hope were soon and suddenly turned into fruits of bitterness.—Whatever might have been the cause of her husband's indifference, it is but too clear that in a very short time her Royal Highness experienced too many proofs of the want of her husband's affection. Long before she became a mother she found herself a widowed wife—she was obliged to occupy apartments distinct from those of his Royal Highness in Carlton House. Here, in a state of neglect and sorrow, she remained for some months the victim of broken hopes and blighted affection. In this situation was her Royal Highness when the late lamented Princess Charlotte was born—the birth of this Princess, like her death, was unattended by her nearest relatives—she came into the world the hapless infant of a wretched and neglected mother ; her last hour, the bitter hour of death, was unattended by a single member of her royal family.

Shortly after the birth of her child, we find her Royal Highness the inhabitant of a separate establishment at Blackheath—all expectations of being restored to the Court and the affections of her husband, now disappeared. Nothing remained for her but a dreary and solitary life, removed from the rank and splendour which in law and in nature she was so clearly entitled to enjoy.

A situation so fraught with misery and humiliation was, Heaven knows, enough for a pure and high-minded woman to be reduced to. It was enough to be thus degraded from her proper station—to be turned out of her husband's court—to be obliged to witness, in uncomplaining agony of heart, every shameless and worthless rival usurping her place, and exulting in her fall—to be banished, as it were, in the bloom of her life, in the very first year of her marriage, from the society of a man who, in honour, in law, and in religion, was bound to cherish and protect her—to be thus slighted, shunned, and trampled on—"flung like a loathsome

weed away," was certainly quite enough for any woman of patience to suffer, or for any woman of spirit to submit to. One would think, too, that to see this lovely and unfortunate Princess thus humbled, would have been enough to satisfy the vindictive feelings of ordinary malice.

But the life of the Princess of Wales was destined to be one of unmitigated suffering; she seems born to shew how far female innocence and fortitude can at once provoke and shame an unmanly spirit. Her Royal Highness remained for some years at Blackheath, "the grace, delight, and ornament" of the small society that was honoured by her notice; her unostentatious charity—her humane and affable deportment gained her the affections of all classes of the people. But the tranquillity of her retirement was soon disturbed. The atrocious attempt on her life and honour, of which Sir John Douglas and his Lady were the prominent instruments, is still fresh in the recollection of the country. Those polluted and perjured instruments did not hesitate to charge her Royal Highness with having been delivered of a male child in the year 1802.

The Prince of Wales, I am bound to suppose, in common with every gentleman in the kingdom, discredited the foul accusation; he yet laid the depositions of the Douglas's before his Royal Father, and the most scrupulous and complete investigation took place. The four noble Lords—*Erskine*, *Spencer*, *Grenville*, and *Ellenborough*, who investigated the transaction, fully acquitted her Royal Highness of this extraordinary and atrocious charge. Her Royal Highness triumphed over all her enemies—Lady Douglas and her husband were branded with foul perjury. The then Attorney-General declared, in his place in the House of Commons, that he would have felt it his bounden duty to prosecute them; had not some legal impediments saved them from the hands of public justice.

The cloud which had so long hung over the fame of this injured Princess having been thus removed, her Royal Highness requested of his late Majesty that she might be received at Court; his Majesty agreed to that

just request, and a day was actually fixed for the purpose, when, at the express desire of the Prince of Wales, this act of necessary justice was for a time postponed. His Majesty declined receiving the Princess at Court until the Prince of Wales should be enabled to submit to the King a certain statement relating to the defence of her Royal Highness.

Her Royal Highness, on this occasion, became at once alarmed and indignant. She felt that even the most complete vindication of her innocence could not screen her from calumny and persecution. She knew, that by the laws of the country, and indeed of humanity, vindicated honour is, if possible, more highly prized than before suspicion lighted upon it. Why in her case this rule should have been reversed; why she should be obliged to pay the penalty of guilt after the vindication of innocence, could only be accounted for by reflecting on the rancorous disposition of those who meditated her ruin.

Full of these notions her Majesty addressed different letters to the late King, stating, in dignified and affecting language, the hardships of her case. In those letters her Majesty peremptorily declared, that if longer denied admission to the Royal presence, she would publish the entire proceedings of the late trial. Those proceedings were actually ready for publication, when Mr. Perceval, her Majesty's confidential adviser, was unexpectedly raised to power. Though deserted by the man on whom she most depended, her Majesty was by no means intimidated. With that heroic spirit which has distinguished her through life, she pressed her case with increased ardour. She rose with the difficulties of her situation, and she convinced her enemies, that though she might be deceived—though her friends and advisers might be seduced from their duty—she could not be betrayed into any act unworthy her exalted station. Her Majesty's exertions on this occasion were crowned with the most complete success. On the 27th of April, 1806, a Minute was laid by the Members of the Council before ~~his~~ Majesty, by which it appears, that those noble and distinguished persons, after the strictest examination into the case of her

Majesty, informed the late King that it would be for the honour and interest of his illustrious family, that her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales should be admitted, with as little delay as possible, into his Majesty's presence; and that she should be received in a manner due to her rank and station in his Majesty's Court and family.

Now this is a great deal more than a mere verdict of acquittal—it is a great deal more than a mere suggestion that her Majesty might be received at Court. It is a warm animated recommendation of the Council of the King, (now the Ministers of George IV.) that it would be for the honour of the Royal Family—for the honour of the late Queen, and of all her Royal daughters, that her present Majesty should be received by them in a manner due to her rank and station. This recommendation, let it never be forgotten, was presented to the late King after all the scandalous charges that had been preferred against her Majesty—after all the point blank swearing of Sir John Douglas and his Lady, and all the other base wretches whose foul and perjured testimony was purchased on that occasion. Now either this recommendation of Ministers was sincere, or it was not. If it were not sincere, they must have acted the most disgraceful and perfidious part that ever was acted by men. If it were sincere—if they believed that the former accusations against her Majesty were false and atrocious accusations—if they were satisfied that those accusations were attempted to be supported by the evidence of base and unprincipled wretches in “various situations of life”—Is it not strange that those Ministers did not interpose to prevent the recurrence of so shameful a proceeding? One would have thought, that they, above all men in the world, would have reprobated the scandalous system of Secret Commissions got up at great expense—sustained by bribery—and conducted by men who have abdicated all claims to the respect of society. One would have thought that those Ministers who know and feel that the degradation of her Majesty is an object long sought for, and most anxiously desired—that they would have hesitated before they brought forward charges against her

Majesty, founded on the evidence of wretched foreigners whose very names they are ashamed to mention.

Shortly after the Report of the Council had been laid before the late King, her Majesty was presented at Court, and apartments were provided for her at Kensington Palace.— Her triumph was now complete, and it was hoped that her repose would be no more interrupted, for her enemies, as far as they went, had only succeeded in bringing down upon their own heads, confusion and disgrace.— But her Majesty was reserved for new and painful trials. The Princess Charlotte, then emerging from a state of childhood, had already given promise of those virtues which adorned her maturer years. She loved her Mother with the strongest and most ardent affection. She had been placed under her care; the happiness which her beloved society afforded to her Majesty, the balm it ministered to her solitary life, I shall leave to the feelings of every English mother to estimate—that happiness she was soon deprived of. The determination was taken, (no doubt for reasons of state,) to separate the mother and the child, to sever those whom heaven and nature bound by the closest ties of kindred and affection, and by that separation to wound the maternal feelings of the one, and to blast and wither in the heart of the other, the finest sentiment which nature planted there.

The Princess Charlotte was, in the first instance, removed from the house of her Royal Mother—she was next prevented from seeing her, more than once a fortnight—she was next prevented from visiting her at all. We find, by a letter from her Majesty, to the late Mr. Whitbread, that she had not seen her child for the last six months before—that when, by accident, their carriages met on the public way—the coachman of the Princess had orders to whip on his horses, and not to recognize even the servants of her Majesty. This affecting complaint comes home to the hearts of us all. Could we remember an act like this without horror, we would cease to be men. Memory sickens over it. Nature stands appalled at so hideous a violation of her laws. What mother can read it without the strongest emotions? What child can

hear of it without feeling her young heart bursting asunder as she holds up her hands to Heaven to thank the Almighty that she was not born a Princess? But it was all done for reasons of State, and it would not be fair to call it oppression. Her Majesty, however, felt it as such.—Unable to brook what appeared to her, new and inhuman indignities, she wrote to the King demanding a full disclosure of every thing connected with the investigation of 1806. To this letter no answer was returned; she then appealed to Parliament; the feelings of the whole country were excited in her favour; and when a motion was made on the subject, Lord Castlereagh, the very Lord Castlereagh who dared the other day to talk of her Majesty as not conducting herself according to her rank and sex, admitted in the most *distinct* manner (by the way an unusual thing for his lordship) the complete and perfect innocence of her Majesty. This was the third triumph of the Queen, and never was triumph hailed with more unaffected joy by this generous and gallant nation. The People of England, on this occasion, marked their sense of her noble conduct, and expressed their horror at the dastardly persecuting spirit which seemed to feel no pleasure but in the prosecution of her ruin.

The innocence of her Majesty was now made manifest to all the world. Her conduct went through the ordeal of three strict investigations—one before a Secret Commission—one in the Cabinet—and one in the Parliament. Three times was she tried, and three times was she fully acquitted. But of what value were those repeated verdicts? The Queen was still an exile from the Court—her late Majesty would not see her—her Royal daughters, whose conduct, no doubt, has ever been above the slightest suspicion, would not notice her—her child was still restrained from visiting her—the fashionable world, too busy in adoring the rising Son of Royalty, turned from her Majesty, whose lonely situation had no charms, when compared with the splendours and the favours of a Court. The herd of toad-eaters, those bloated wretches whose own actions are the dishonour of rank, still continued to abuse the ear of Royalty, and were still deter-

mined to slander an illustrious woman whom they hated, merely because she was beloved by a people by whom they were heartily despised. Under those circumstances, feeling too that her presence in England might possibly retard the marriage of the late Princess, her Majesty came to the determination of passing some time abroad.

She left England with a select retinue, and took up her residence at Como, in Italy. But she did not set down here to spend her time in indolent repose; possessed of an ardent spirit and a refined taste, she determined to view the scenes of ancient greatness;---she made a journey to the Bosphorous---and to Greece. She visited Attica, and the ruins of Carthage, and returned to Como after having viewed those delightful scenes, once the consecrated ground of genius and of freedom; but now, alas! the seat of the vile and sensual Turk who holds man but the slave of his will, and woman the creature of his appetites---a being to be put away at his pleasure and degraded at his caprice.

It is curious to observe, that even this active life has been brought forward by the tongue of slander as affording evidence of loose and improper habits. I shall not stop to overturn so silly a conclusion---I shall merely say, what every man acquainted with human nature knows---that when once woman becomes the slave of those habits, she loses every higher and finer sentiment---she becomes indolent and luxurious---she seldom leaves the bower of pleasure---she seldom thinks of encountering long and fatiguing journeys to contemplate those immortal scenes which have no charms for degraded minds! I make the observation merely to show the candour of those who would make that the groundwork of suspicion which really tells in favour of her Majesty.

In those journeys, and indeed during the whole time of her residence abroad, her Majesty was beset by spies and informers, aye, and by assassins too; every effort was made to remove from her service the few English persons who had accompanied her; the foulest calumnies against her found their way into England; every thing

went to prove that the relentless spirit which had tormented her at home pursued her into a foreign land, and marked her for destruction.

Symptoms of that bad spirit manifested itself from time to time, but it was not until the death of her only child, that the unhappy mother felt herself exposed to the full tide of persecution.

It is said, that the knowledge of this heart-rending event, reached her Majesty in a shocking and sudden manner. Her Majesty kept up a monthly correspondence with the Princess; of course she heard of her pregnancy with pride and joy; she never allowed her mind to think on the fatal event that followed; a letter came—she expected that it contained the joyful tidings of her daughter's safe delivery, but it contained the news of her death; the unhappy mother swooned away; alarming fits succeeded; and that life which was now embittered by the greatest of human misfortunes, was nearly despaired of by her Majesty's attendants. Indeed it would be extraordinary if the effects of this appalling intelligence were otherwise; the Princess Charlotte was her only child, endeared to her heart by all the ties of nature, and by many strong and dear and peculiar recollections! It was that heroic—that darling child—who, at an early age, displayed in her mother's cause, a degree of magnanimity that abashed her enemies, and delighted the whole country; who, for her mother's sake, rebuked the highest lady in the land; who, in the strong enthusiasm of affection, burst asunder both bolts and bars, cast to the wind every stern command, and in the effort to fly once more into the arms of the mother that bore her, vindicated those feelings which never wither in a truly pious and virtuous heart; alas! had she but lived, she would have been to that mother an armour of adamante, no miscreant tongue would be found to traduce her, those who now dishonour the memory of the Princess Charlotte by the detraction of her mother, would have fallen prostrate before her, to witness and to worship her ascending power. Fate has decreed it otherwise, and that mother is now threatened with fresh persecution; the voice of nature cannot be heard from the grave, but

the voice of honour and of justice calls on every Briton, worthy of that name, to stand forward in her cause.

Soon did her Majesty feel the effects of the death of her illustrious child, the tomb had scarcely closed on her remains, when the Queen was roused from the lethargy of her woes, once more to defend herself against the old disturbers of her peace and honour. The Milan Commission was issued; a strolling company of lawyers were retained, in order to collect materials for the tragedy to be performed "by his Majesty's Servants," at Westminster Hall.

I shall not indulge in any length of observation on this extraordinary proceeding. It has already been brought before parliament, in a way that does honour to the heart and understanding of the gallant officer who brought it forward; he has stamped on this Commission, and on its agents, indelible disgrace. From his speech, I learn that this Commission cost the Country thirty-five thousand pounds, a sum too enormous to be pocketted even by rapacious lawyers, it is pretty evident, that a good part of the money has been paid to the witnesses, *for their attendance*; I wish to speak softly of those distinguished Italians, because I perceive my Lord Castlereagh, feels very sensitive about them; it puts this man in a rage to doubt the purity or the integrity of those vagrant deponents, but he will not hesitate to call her Majesty the Queen, a Woman, who, since her late arrival in England, has disgraced her rank and sex; were I in the House where he held this brutal language, I would tell him, that the assertion was false as it was unmanly and indecent. But I shall pass over the conduct of Lord Castlereagh, and his brother Lord Stewart, towards her Majesty, neither shall I stop to notice the lock-picker, Ompteda, nor the assassins who made an attempt on her Majesty's life. With respect to the former gentlemen, the public know their conduct, and they despise them; with respect to the assassins, I hope that in this age of enquiry this horrible transaction may be brought to light; I should be glad to know who were the employers of these said assassins. Passing over those matters in silent indignation, I now come to the close of her Majesty's

history. The death of the late King instantly placed her Majesty Caroline Queen of England, upon the Throne of England, as the Consort of George the Fourth; the moment that the breath was out of the late King, her Majesty became Queen of England, the right legal constitutional Queen of England, with her distinct powers—prerogatives---courts--- officers--- exemptions and revenues. The subject certainly of the King, but in many respects, placed by the law, on the same footing with the King. Like him, she has her royal revenues, her royal prerogatives; like him, the law has thrown its shield around her, would to God the law were put into execution, “it is equally treason to compass or imagine the death of our Lady, the King’s Companion, as of the King himself;” here the word “Companion” means the Queen, the King’s wife, and no other sort of companion. I make the remark for the information of certain ladies, who are known in the higher walks of society, who are visited and cherished by all those distinguished and fashionable females who seem ignorant to this hour, that the Queen of England has arrived in this country.

The law with respect to the Queen of England being as I have stated; she being, in fact, the creature of the constitution of this country, and not a creature made for the pleasure or the displeasure of the King, but an independent, privileged, high constitutional personage, whose rights and prerogatives are as ancient, as well defined, and as much protected by the constitution as the rights and privileges of the King. I would ask any person who knows any thing of the law or the history of this country; who knows any thing of the Constitution of England, what would they think of the Ministers who, in the face of the country, and before the Parliament, refused to recognize her Majesty as Queen. It was ludicrous to witness the miserable evasions of those wretched Ministers; to see how they turned, and shuffled, and shifted about, to avoid lighting upon the title of Queen. Lord Eldon declared to heaven, that this “illustrious lady” should be fairly dealt with; but his lordship would not call her Queen. The smooth, courtly Castlereagh, avoided the word with as much caution as a discreet

hang-man avoids the mention of a rope. Mr. Canning put her into a thousand metaphorical shapes: he would compare her to all the constellations of heaven; he would describe her as the life, grace, and ornament of society: but he would not acknowledge her Queen. Even the feeble Vansittart, could not squeak out this simple monosyllable. The word Queen stuck fast in their throats; they stared like Macbeth, after the murder of Duncan; he could not say "Amen," as he stood listening, with his hang-man's hands; and they could not say Queen.

I do not mean to make any comparison between this ambitious murderer and the scandalous Ministers who advised Harry the Eighth to degrade Queen Catharine; though I do not think there is much difference between those who basely sacrificed the character of an innocent Queen, and he who stabbed to the heart the monarch whose throne he afterwards ascended. The false light of glory might have deceived the one; but the meaner vices of avarice and servility influenced the other.

But I am straying into history and poetry, which have little to do with the present Administration. The obvious disinclination they shewed to recognize the title of her Majesty in parliament, prepared the country for the next act of Ministers—the omission of her name in the Liturgy. That violent and unconstitutional act, struck a death-blow at her Majesty's rights, as Queen of England. I shall not talk of the cruelty, the unmanliness of an act, which published, in every parish church in his Majesty's dominions, the fall and degradation of the Queen. But I talk of it as an illegal act; as a dangerous and unconstitutional usurpation; as a daring, arbitrary violation of those fundamental principles, which the laws of England have held sacred from time immemorial. I say it is an open attack upon the Throne; for the prerogatives of the Queen flow from the same source; are upheld by the same right; and protected by the same principle, as those of the King: and when you attack these prerogatives; when you strip the Queen, even before trial, of the ancient privileges and honours of her exalted place; when you tear away the trappings of royalty from the

wife of the King ; from her who always wears them with grace and favour in the eyes of the people ; when you turn Royalty naked and dishonoured out of doors, and do so at your own good pleasure, what an awful example do you set to the people. Talk of disaffection ; talk of innovation ; I say this is the basest disaffection, I say this is the most awful, and the most dangerous innovation, that has ever yet been attempted.

Should his Majesty the King happily get rid, even for one moment, of those pernicious counsellors ; should he calmly and dispassionately consider that his throne rests only upon public opinion ; he would not fail to see that Ministers, by this terrific act, have set an example which, if unhappily followed, might end in the extinction of his royal rights. In unaffected sincerity of heart, I pray God that the people may not follow that example—indeed, I am sure they will not. Those Ministers have not yet succeeded in tearing from the hearts of Englishmen their hereditary reverence for the throne : besides, the people hate them so much, that they would scarcely follow their course, even if, by accident, it happened to be right. They are not, therefore, likely to follow them, when, either by design or ignorance, it is obviously wrong.

As I am upon this subject, I cannot help taking notice of the observations of the Attorney-General, as they have been reported in his speech of the 24th of July. The Attorney-General boldly insists, that Ministers had a right to do this act, at the very time, and under the very circumstances that it was done. What is this but saying, that Ministers had a right to punish the Queen, even before trial ? for degradation is a heavy punishment. The Attorney-General asks, in a smart, professional, superficial way, what would be the consequence, if the King's Ministers, with evidence before them which could not be overlooked, had inserted her Majesty's name in the Liturgy ? Why, what would be the consequence ?—simply this : that the Ministers would have waited with patience for the result of the trial ; that they would not have, most unfairly, attempted to prejudice the public mind against the Queen, by pronouncing

on her case before-hand. If it was right to degrade her Majesty as Queen, it was still more necessary to degrade her when Princess of Wales. Yet, in 1806, when she was accused, not merely of adultery, but of having been actually delivered of an illegitimate child, her Majesty's name was not erased from the Liturgy. But George the Third was then upon the throne.

I am surprised that the learned gentleman would have put this weak interrogatory to the House of Commons; for see how very absurd and unconstitutional it appears. There is evidence against the Queen, and we intend to bring her to trial: very well. But why not wait the event of that trial? Why punish her first, and try her after? Why do that before trial, which you could only do after trial, if you got a verdict in your favour? Suppose you had a man indicted for High Treason, would you take away his estates before he was convicted of High Treason?—No. Why would you dare, then, to take away the rights and honours of the Queen, before you convict her of adultery? Is it because you have already tried her, and were forced to acquit her, that you now assume her guilty. Is it because you have evidence against her so very respectable, that you assume her guilty? or, is it because you hold her rights as Queen—her royal, ancient prerogatives so very cheap, that you may dispose of them by a mere scratch of the pen.

By this attack upon the rights of her Majesty, Ministers have committed an act little short of High Treason.—At all events, the Ministers by this outrageous act, whether it amounts to high treason or not, have made themselves parties in the approaching trial—they have committed themselves with her Majesty; if they stood in the same relation at a trial at common law, no lawyer will say that they would be allowed either to give evidence or to serve on a jury.

They are interested, deeply interested, in the issue of the approaching trial; for if the Queen shall happen to be acquitted, in what situation will those Ministers stand who have insulted her at home and abroad? who have refused to recognize her rights as Queen—who threatened

and abused her at St. Omer's—who, by their own act, without the consent of Parliament, degraded her Majesty from her rank and power. Will those men and the members of their party be allowed to sit as judges at her Majesty's trial?—will they?—If they attempt to do so—I would not be surprized if her Majesty, in the words of Queen Catherine, should exclaim

————— I do believe
 {Induced by potent circumstances) that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge,
 You shall not be my Judges. For it is you
 Have blown the coal betwixt my Lord and me,
 Which heaven's dew quench, therefore I say again,
 I utterly abhor—yea, from my soul,
 Refuse you for my Judges, whom yet once more,
 I hold as my most malicious foes, and think not
 At all the friends of truth.

After her Majesty found that Ministers had proceeded against her in the way that I have stated, she immediately set out for England. Anxious to throw herself upon the generosity of the people, and to maintain her Royal rights, she proceeded on her journey with all possible dispatch.

The news of her approach put the courtiers into a miserable plight—all was hurry and confusion—mutual moaning and mutual reproaches—the approach of a terrific enemy could not have excited greater fears or greater agitation than this single woman excited; midnight councils were held—midnight expresses sent off—and military preparations, it is said, were actually made to prevent the landing of her little bark. At length a step was taken, which to those who prefer money and indulgence to all considerations of honour and of fame, no doubt, appeared a very wise and proper step.

A noble lord, high in the confidence of the Court, was despatched to present her Majesty with a Green Bag—not such a Green Bag as the Lords' Committee have looked into—not a Green Bag full of Italian evidence, but of English money—£50,000 a year was offered to this criminal Queen, if she would only remain out of the country—£50,000 a year was offered her by those provident moral Ministers, if she would only return to those

scenes of licentiousness which they have since described ; but if her Majesty would dare attempt to land on English ground—if she would dare assert her rights and her innocence before the people of England—then, in the words of Lord Liverpool, all negotiation and compromise would be at an end ; the decision was taken to proceed against her as soon as she should set her foot on the British shore.

The Queen of England indignantly spurned the base proposition, the pride of her fathers swelled her high heart : at that moment a thousand voices seemed to issue from their sepulchres calling upon her to preserve, untarnished, the spotless glory of her race and name. Nature spoke within her. With a look of majestic virtue and lofty determination she dismissed the messenger of the King, with this memorable answer—"Go—inform your Master—that in London, and in London alone, I will consent to consider of any proposal of the King of England."

How true is the observation that where females have acted, on great occasions, their deeds have far surpassed the noblest acts of men. History affords a few instances of magnanimity—magnanimity, let me say, which nothing but the consciousness of innocence could inspire—as her Majesty displayed on this trying occasion—she knew the men she had to deal with—she knew their influence, their acts, and their power—she knew right well of the Milan Commission—she knew, that though Ompteda and Douglas were dead, there were enough of infamous and unprincipled wretches living ; but in despite of all—in despite of the unmanly threats that were held out, she determined to face her enemies and dare the worst. I wish that the answer of her Majesty were put into the hands of every man and woman in England—never was a finer compliment paid to the English nation. In London I will treat with the King ; for in London, surrounded by a just and generous people, the shafts of power will be in vain directed against me—they know how I have been treated—they know the long history of my sufferings and wrongs—the beloved memory of my child is still fresh in their recollection—they are just, and will not see me wronged—they are brave, and will defend

me—they are generous, and will stand by a woman, and a Queen in misfortune. Such was her appeal, and nobly has it been answered by the universal voice of the nation. From the moment that this base proposal was made, the Queen did not feel herself safe until she rushed amongst her people; her celerity astonished the courtier—she proceeded to the coast, where, of course, no vessel awaited her Majesty's arrival, for though the Queen applied for a ship to bring her to England, this mark of common respect was denied her. One Minister, my Lord Liverpool, did not condescend to answer her Majesty's letter—another informed her Majesty, that he could not grant the use of a ship, because *the King was out of town*. Her Majesty was not to be deterred by any little artifice, she waded through mud and wet to the common packet, and arrived once more in England, cheered and blessed by hundreds of thousands of warm and devoted hearts.

The arrival of her Majesty was the signal for prosecution. At the very hour that her Majesty passed through the streets of London amid the shouts of thousands, Lord Castlereagh stood at the bar of the House of Commons holding up the Green Bag. The animating—soul inspiring cheers of the people, as her Majesty passed down Parliament Street, were distinctly heard in the House, and for a moment suspended its proceedings. No wonder that at that moment the Minister turned pale—no wonder that he trembled as he held up the Green Bag—that very moment public opinion pronounced its verdict on the whole proceeding. Lord Castlereagh must have heard the loud expression of that opinion, though he could not hear the groans of tortured Irishmen; who were whipped, it has been said, under his lordship's nose in the Castle yard of Dublin. Deaf, though he may be, I promise him, that if this proceeding goes on, he will hear the people of England speak with a voice of thunder before its termination. And now let this Green Bag lie for one moment on the table, whilst I make one single observation on the proposal at St. Omer's.—£50,000 a year for remaining out of the country—an immediate prosecution—for what—for daring to set her foot on British ground.

Returning to England, and remaining in England is the sole cause of this prosecution. This is as plain as the sun at noon day. Her Majesty might have had £50,000 a year—Aye, £100,000 a year, if she would only remain out of England—if she would only consent to spend English money in foreign countries—if she would not, by her presence, by her exemplary, irreproachable, open, dignified conduct, convince the people that the calumnies heaped upon her during her absence from this country, were false as they were infamous. What then, is it a crime to live in England? Oh, no; but it is a crime to be beloved in England—to become the object of popular attraction—to have her doors surrounded by thousands who offer up their fervent prayers for her happiness. This is a crime not to be forgiven.

I will bind those Ministers to their own words. Lord Liverpool, in a letter addressed to her Majesty, very shortly before she left England, states, that the King, (then Regent) could have no objection to her Majesty leaving the country or returning to England whenever she might think fit. Yet, after this solemn promise, her Majesty is to be punished for coming to England—for coming to assert her royal rights, and to vindicate her insulted character. Rash men! to what a state would you reduce Majesty. Why will you thus sacrifice the interests of your country, and the honour of your Sovereign? Have you

“No pity, no relenting ruth?”

Alas! you have not. For the sake of place you have inflamed the whole country—for the sake of place you have dug, as it were, out of the womb of time, the infirmities, and the domestic misfortunes of the Royal Family—for the sake of place you expose your August Master to a trial which, if unsuccessful, may put the throne itself in danger—which, if successful, can confer upon the King no dignity; but, on the contrary, will reduce him to that situation which makes men in common life more the objects of ridicule than of sympathy or respect.

The proceedings which followed the production of the Green Bag are matters of notoriety, and every step that Ministers have taken from that day to the present,

only shews their cowardice, their insincerity, their confusion and their desperation.—At Saint Omer's they attempted to bully her Majesty, she was a woman and they hoped to frighten her, they told her that a prosecution would be commenced, the moment she set her foot on the British shore, well---she arrived in London---and then---why then they parley---they negotiate---but they negotiate in vain, they find her Majesty will not give up her rights; then they go to the House of Commons—the Commons address her Majesty, condemning the whole proceeding, and declaring that the enquiry instituted by Ministers, whatever would be its results, would prove derogatory from the dignity of the Throne, and injurious to the best interests of the nation; but then the Commons called upon the Queen to relinquish her rights. Here the Commons, with all respect to that honourable House, acted extremely unwise. Instead of calling upon the Queen to concede, the Queen being in the right, I humbly think that they ought to have called upon the Crown to concede, because the Crown was in the wrong. They should have called upon the Crown to retrace its steps, because it went astray; they should have called upon the Crown, to restore her Majesty's name to the Liturgy, to restore her generally to those rights of which she had been most unconstitutionally deprived. No one will attempt to justify Ministers in their conduct towards her Majesty; no one will deny that she is at this moment, both *de jure* and *de facto* Queen of England; how dare this levelling faction step between her and her rights? how dare they degrade her?---degradation should always follow conviction; but here it goes before trial. The Queen, in mild and dignified language, refused to agree to a proposition which amounted in fact, to the abdication of her rights as Queen of England.

The whole Country anticipated and applauded the noble determination of her Majesty, but the Government Press having for some time suspended its abuse, now opened upon her the most unmanly, and atrocious attack, that ever disgraced even the columns of the Government Press. It would consume a world of time to extract from the Courier Newspaper, the various articles

of slander and of falsehood, that have appeared in that paper against her Majesty; the assassinating paragraph in the Morning Post, thank God, has been already read by thousands. The blood-thirsty---base-minded---obscene slave, who penned it, is only worthy of notice when we read his filthy trash, in a Journal notoriously in the interest of the Court. Having said so much of the Ministerial Press, I shall now look to the conduct of Ministers themselves.

When the answer of the Queen came down to the Commons, the House further postponed the consideration of the Message. Much to the honour of the House of Commons, the Green Bag has never been opened by them, but within their walls; that Bag, and the authors and promoters of it, have been described in language which must consign them to eternal infamy. I am glad, as one of the people, to pay this tribute to that great Assembly; they have made a stand against this proceeding which I did not expect from them, and most sincerely do I hope that their interference may yet prevent the sad catastrophe which I fear awaits this Country. It was reserved for another branch of the legislature to proceed on this unfortunate business. I do not dispute the *power* of the House of Lords, and, *as the law stands*, it would be extremely *absurd* to call in question the integrity of that high Assembly, but I hope the noble Lords are not so very sickly, so arrogant, or so peevish, as to quarrel with those who may presume to doubt their infallibility; the breath that enobled could not preserve them from the weaknesses, the errors, or the corruptions of humanity, the glittering pomp, the high sounding titles, and all the imposing ostentatious vanities of rank may dazzle the vulgar, and influence the timid; but to the enquiring mind, those are of little value unless allied to truth, to wisdom, and to virtue.

I shall, therefore, with respectful freedom examine the conduct of their Lordship's on this occasion. I hope I may be permitted to do so without violating any maxim of the Constitution of my country—certainly, if we are not allowed to discuss the conduct of public men on great and trying occasions—to point out to their notice what

appears to be wrong—to warn them of the public danger—and to call them back to the forsaken path of rectitude and duty—if we are not allowed to do this, then I say, there is no such thing as the liberty of opinion and of enquiry.

To begin, then, with their Lordships. I admit their power to do what they have done—*that*, it seems, is not to be questioned—but then I ask, have they exercised that power discreetly and wisely? I think not. I cannot help thinking, that the very first step they took was a wrong one. Certainly, if this affair, so pregnant with mighty and with dangerous consequences, was to be stirred at all, the proceeding should have originated with the House of Commons; with that House which is supposed to represent the people—it was of the first importance that this proceeding should have the sanction of the Commons in the first instance; but the House of Commons, far from sanctioning, marked the proceeding with their entire condemnation—they described it as a proceeding which, in whatever way it might terminate, would prove derogatory from the dignity of the Throne, and injurious to the best interests of the nation. After this remarkable denunciation on the part of the Commons, their Lordships, who had waited for the determination of that House, took up the affair. The first step they took surprised the whole country—their Lordship's appointed their Secret Committee to open the Green Bag—this Committee was composed exclusively of the friends and the Members of Administration. The Lord Chancellor, and three other noble Lords, Members of Administration, were ostentatiously placed at the head of that Committee, in order, I suppose, to convince the country that the enquiry would be most scrupulous and impartial. Well—their Lordship's gave in a Report, which did not, I will venture to say, surprise any human being in this country; and on this Report, a Bill was introduced to deprive her Majesty of her title, of all her rights, privileges, and prerogatives—to dissolve the marriage, and to consign her to want and infamy; and all this has been done, as was most powerfully put by a distinguished writer, “with-
“ out the Queen having been made acquainted with the

"nature of the charge, without her knowing any thing of
 "the nature and extent of the evidence, without her being
 "suffered to be confronted with the witnesses, without her
 "being suffered to know even the names of the wit-
 "nesses." The Bill is brought in and read a first time.
 This Bill, which imputes every thing that is infamous to
 her Majesty, is laid before her; and the further conside-
 ration of it is about to be postponed to the 17th of Au-
 gust. What does her Majesty do? She rushes before
 their Lordships—she says, "this Bill charges me with
 "crimes the most infamous; I cannot endure to lie under
 "imputations so horrible even for a day—unprepared, as
 "I am—labouring, as I am, under every disadvantage, I
 "demand an instant Trial. I ask for no delay. I call upon
 "you to prove the allegations of your Bill. I will meet them
 "by proof. I ask for no postponement; delay will be
 "destruction to me." How did their Lordship's act on
 this occasion? Why, they refused the application of her
 Majesty. Lord Liverpool, the high-minded, humane
 Lord Liverpool, said, "it would be *ridiculous* to sup-
 "pose that they were to begin immediately." Why
 ridiculous? Were they not prepared with their proofs?
 Were they not ready for instant Trial? Were they not
 prepared to support the heinous and horrible charges of
 the Bill? Ridiculous! Was it not something worse than
 ridiculous? Was it not unjust? Was it not cruel and
 unmanly to hang those infamous charges over the head
 of her Majesty for more than six weeks; to leave them,
 as it were, to fester in the public mind, in the hope of
 taking from her Majesty her last remaining protection—
 the good opinion of the people of this country. This ap-
 plication having been refused, her Majesty next applied
 to the House of Lords, for a list of the names of the wit-
 nesses to be produced against her; and also for a distinct
 specification of the charges intended to be brought
 against her. Knowing, as we did, that even a traitor is
 entitled to this indulgence, or rather indeed to this fair
 measure of justice; knowing, as we did, that in every
 common case, the accused is always fully aware, not
 only of the charges against him, but of the evidence to be
 brought forward in support of the charges, we expected,

as a matter of course, that this application on the part of her Majesty, would have been instantly acceded to, but their Lordships refused the application. It seems that "it would establish an inconvenient precedent, and "*circumstances* rendered it inexpedient and contrary to "the forms of the House." What is next done? The Bill charges her Majesty with having carried on a licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse, both in public and private—in various places and countries, for a long period of time during her Majesty's residence abroad. Her Majesty applied to the noble Lords for a statement of the particular places, and the particular times, at which, and on which this licentious, disgraceful, and adulterous intercourse is alledged to have taken place; the noble Lords very consistently refused this application. I might observe, on those proceedings, at the risk of my personal liberty, and without doing any possible service one way or the other; they speak most powerfully for themselves; the public understand them fully; and as Ministers think that they have adopted the most gracious, the most constitutional mode of proceeding, of course they are quite satisfied that the public applaud their measures, and themselves. Those proceedings, I promise them, will *tell* through the country. There is not a country in the world where the principles of justice are better understood than in England; there is no country under heaven where there exists a greater solicitude to see truth and right established. The English are a plain, homely, unsophisticated race—straightforward honesty, unaffected candour, plain, simple, obvious integrity, are the strong and remarkable features of the national character. With them, honesty is not a virtue which education has bestowed, which religion commands, but it is the moral instinct of their nature; they act with fairness, because they do not understand what knavery and falsehood means. The English people are always highly indignant where they see unfair management practised by others; where they see an attempt to suppress the truth; to conceal names; and above all, when they see an attempt to turn aside from the fair and established modes of enquiry—then it is that

they become alarmed and suspicious—then it is that they begin to think that all is not right—then it is that they conclude, and I think fairly conclude, that where the forms of justice have been departed from, its essence seldom remains.

I can assure the Ministers, that their proceedings against her Majesty will tell throughout the country—if those proceedings have been fair and constitutional, of course, so much the better for them—if otherwise—if their proceedings are so many exceptions to the established law—so many hideous anomalies in the Constitution—if, to bring forward the heaviest charges in a Secret Committee, composed of themselves and their friends—if, to bring forward a Bill of Divorce and Degradation—if, to deny her Majesty an immediate trial—if, to refuse her a list of the witnesses to be produced against her—if, to refuse her a statement of those places where the crimes are alledged to have been committed by her—if all this be against the spirit of justice—if it be a foul, odious, cruel mode of attack—then will that attack recoil upon themselves.

The Queen of England surely ought to have as fair a trial as a common person; in her case the stream of public justice ought to be allowed to flow as purely and as strongly as in the case of a common person. But how would a common person, charged with the highest crime, be tried—by his Peers, a great number of whom he might in the first instance, challenge even without assigning any cause; and all of whom he might challenge, shewing a reasonable cause; he would, in short, be tried by a jury totally unconnected with the parties; totally disinterested; beyond all influence, and above all suspicion. The indictment containing the charges against him would be previously furnished to him; so would a list of the witnesses; out of which list his prosecutors could not travel. Such are the safeguards of the British law; such is the shield which wisdom and humanity wrought for the protection of those who come into immediate contact with the passions and power of the Crown. “But the Queen could not be tried by a jury.” I don’t know that; I think, if tried at all, the Queen ought to be tried before a jury, because a Trial

by Jury is the fairest and most impartial mode of trial; twelve Citizens of London would soon decide the question, as it ought in justice to be decided. I am not ignorant that formal objections might be made to this mode of trial in the case of her Majesty; but how much more open to objections of every sort, is the unfair and unconstitutional mode of trial which Ministers have framed? Admitting, however, that her Majesty could not be tried before a jury, she might, at least, be tried by way of Impeachment; she could be tried by the known long established and constitutional laws of England; she could be put in a favourable posture; she might have been afforded the means of making a full and efficient defence. She stands in a situation peculiarly dangerous; she is opposed to the King, or rather the King is opposed to her—all the power—the arts and the influence of the Crown, and we know they are excessive—are in arms against her. Never since the dawn of jurisprudence did a person stand at a criminal bar more in want of all the protection of the law, and never was there a person so completely stripped of that protection, left so naked, so defenceless to the assault of a powerful enemy, whose passions and prejudices are inflamed against her. She is to be tried by the men who are interested in her condemnation—she is to be tried upon evidence of which she knows nothing—on charges spread over a period of six years for offences said to have been committed in various quarters of the globe.

How can she defend herself? How can she, with effect, cross-examine the witnesses? To her is denied an advantage which every defendant has—the knowledge of the witness produced against him—the knowledge of his previous character—his habits of life, and the possible motives which might have brought him forward. The daily practice of our Courts of Justice, shews the inestimable value of this advantage—shews how essential it is to the protection of innocence. How often do we see a case, apparently the strongest and best connected, blown into air by the effect of cross-examination—how often do we see the testimony of the well-practised witness, fluent, specious, and imposing, blasted

practised witness, fluent, specious, and imposing, blasted by the force of cross-examination—how often have we seen the wretch, who came to consign the innocent to punishment and shame, convicted out of his own mouth, and consigned by his own evidence, to well-merited infamy. But our unhappy Queen will not have this advantage. In her case, the course of justice is disturbed—the armour of the law is torn from her. In her case, the most unprincipled miscreants, induced by the hope of rewards and favour, *may* appear, and *may* swear to the most atrocious falsehoods. How can she refute them?—how can she cross-examine them?—how can she discover their motives, their habits, or their connections?—how can she defend herself?—how can she save herself from the overwhelming tide of perjury which *may* be let in upon her? But her Majesty, it seems, will have time afforded to make a defence; that is, you prove an *ex parte* case—you publish that case to the world, and then the Queen may go about the Continent to hunt for the materials of her defence. Do not these men know that it is abhorrent to the law to prove a case against the accused, and at the same time deny the accused the opportunity, the immediate opportunity of entering into his defence? What can tend more to defeat the ends of justice than the course which Ministers have taken—they have reversed every principle of law, and most of all, they have inverted that all-protecting principle—that every thing shall be taken in favour of the accused, and against the Crown. I appeal to the world, whether, in this case, every thing is not taken in favour of the Crown, and against the accused? No wonder, that this treatment should have excited the indignation of the whole country—should have rallied round the cause of this persecuted Queen, all the generous and manly feelings of the nation. Dead would we be to every sentiment that animates a British bosom, if we could behold with patience the accumulated wrongs that have been heaped upon a single woman. Lest would we be to all the principles of British justice, if we could behold, without indignation, the scandalous perversion of law and right, which from the very outset has marked this odious pro-

ceeding. In vain shall we look for a parallel to this extraordinary case in the whole history of human suffering. Almost from the first day that the Queen set her foot on British ground to the present hour she has met with nothing but harshness and oppression—her wrongs have been embittered by the consciousness that even acquittal, which in every other case restores confidence, and protects as it vindicates innocence, has only marked her out as the object of fresh aggression. Three times has her conduct been enquired into—three times has she been acquitted—she has been acquitted before the Secret Commission—she has been acquitted in the Council—she has been acquitted in the Parliament—she has been acquitted by the Whigs—she has been acquitted by the Tories—she has never been accused by the People. Every investigation increased her triumph—every party in the State have borne testimony to her innocence. Through all those trials, during a scrutiny of twenty years, and in the midst of spies and informers, never was there a single piece of well-connected credible evidence adduced against her—never a single line to her, or from her, that could impeach her honour. Triumphant and pure she has gone, blameless and guiltless, through every enquiry. But in vain have those repeated verdicts been pronounced in her favour, an unrelenting spirit follows her. The case of her Majesty is singularly unfortunate. In the eyes of the Court, vindication brings no protection—suffering no sympathy—and rank no consideration—even her accession to the highest earthly dignity has only brought down upon her head, fresh insult and oppression. I would blush for the British name—I would tremble for the fate of every woman in this country, if I did not see arrayed against this foul persecution, all the manly virtues of the land. The cause of her Majesty is the cause of every woman in England. Upon this alarming occasion, to them peculiarly does it belong, to exert all their influence—the influence of beauty and of virtue. The manners, the very virtue of a people, are founded upon general and acknowledged principles of education, and should it become the fashion amongst us to degrade the female sex—to trample on those softer and finer affections, which are the

this shall happen, what will become of women?—they will become the neglected outcasts of our homes, or at best, miserable inmates, employed as they are, in other countries, to perform every low and menial office. They will be turned out of doors—they will be cast upon the world. Deprived of all their honours, and of all their influence—the tenderness and respect that are now felt for them, will be felt no more—they will be no longer the partakers of our joys, and the sharers of our confidence. Their very charms—their very virtues, will only excite unmeaning jealousy, and unmanly persecution. Revolutions in manners are as frequent as revolutions in government; and whilst an example is held up to every ruffian in the land to abuse and insult the wife, that he [promised to cherish and protect, is it unreasonable to apprehend the degeneracy and decay of our national morals?—but heaven forbid this worst of all revolutions—man changes his nature when woman changes her place. Of that exalted being, I do not wish to speak extravagantly, but I cannot speak of her without enthusiasm---she is at once the blessed source of our existence---its noblest ornament---its sweetest solace, and its highest pride. In her mind no selfish thought is wont to enter---in her heart no impure feeling reigns---all goodness---all devotion---she is the creature of pity, tenderness, and love---the centre of all that is noble, generous, and true. In youth, the partner of every endearment---the fond and faithful companion of age. In prosperity, our pride---in adversity, the ministering angel that lights the dungeon walls. To her we are indebted for the first sentiments of virtue, as well as for the first nourishment of nature--and her we are bound to defend even to the last effort of our strength ---Yes, the manly virtues of our country, have not yet retired. "Ten thousand swords shall leap from their scabbards to avenge even a look that may threaten her with insult."

FINIS.

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